

Funeral (7)
F U N E R A L

H Y M N S.

Blessed are the Dead which die in the Lord!

Rev. xiv. 13.

THE SEVENTH EDITION.

They rest in the arms of his love,
While Jesus in glory they rest,
When joined to the Father above,
By Jesus no longer they rest;
And take of their Father's reward:
From trouble and pain they rest,
The Father's love in the Lord!

L O N D O N

Printed by J. PARAMORE at the Foundry, Moorfields:
And sold at the Rev. Mr. Wesley's Chapel, in the City Road, and
at all his Preaching-Houses in Town and Country, 1784.



FUNERAL HYMNS.

H Y M N I.

1 **A** H, sister in Jesus adieu!
Thy warfare is happily o'er :
Thy spirit hath fought its way through,
And pitched on the heavenly shore;
Thy course upon earth is all run,
The days of thy mourning are past,
The joys that above thou hast won
For ever and ever shall last.

2 O blessed estate of the dead,
The dead that have diéd in the Lord!
From trouble and misery freed,
And sure of their endless reward :
By sorrow no longer oppress'd,
When join'd to the spirits above,
With Jesus in glory they rest,
They rest in the arms of his love.

3 O when will the Saviour extend
The arms of his mercy to me !
The days of my pilgrimage end,
My soul from its prison set free ?
When will the dear moment arrive,
Which long I have pin'd for in vain :
And still I would die to revive,
And suffer with Jesus to reign.

4 Ah !

- 4 Ah! give me to bow my faint head,
 My sorrowful soul to resign,
 From pain everlastingly freed,
 To sink on the bosom divine:
 My Saviour, why dost thou delay
 To call a poor wanderer home?
 Come quickly, and bear me away;
 The Bride and the Spirit say, come!

H Y M N II:

- 1 **R**EJOICE for a brother deceas'd,
 (Our loss is his infinite gain)
 A soul out of prison releas'd,
 And freed from its bodily chain:
 With songs let us follow his flight,
 And mount with his spirit above,
 Escap'd to the mansions of light,
 And lodg'd in the Eden of love.
- 2 Our brother the haven hath gain'd,
 Out-flying the tempest and wind,
 His rest he hath sooner obtain'd,
 And left his companions behind;
 Still toss'd on a sea of distress,
 Hard toiling to make the blest shore,
 Where all is assurance and peace,
 And sorrow and sin are no more.
- 3 There all the ship's company meet,
 Who sail'd with the Saviour beneath,
 With shouting each other they greet,
 And triumph o'er trouble and death:
 The voyage of life's at an end,
 The mortal affliction is past,
 The age that in heaven they spend
 For ever and ever shall last.

H Y M N III.

- 1 **H**OSANNAH to Jesus on high!
 Another is entered his rest,
 Another is 'scaped to the sky,
 And lodged in Immanuel's breast:
 The soul of our sister is gone
 To heighten the triumph above,
 Exalted to Jesus's throne,
 And clasped in the arms of his love.
- 2 What fulness of rapture is there,
 While Jesus his glory displays,
 And purples the heavenly air,
 And scatters the odours of grace?
 He looks—and his servants in light
 The blessing ineffable meet;
 He smiles—and they faint at the sight,
 And fall overwhelmed at his feet!
- 3 How happy the angels that fall,
 Transported at Jesus's name!
 The saints whom he soonest shall call
 To share in the feast of the Lamb!
 No longer imprisoned in clay,
 Who next from his dungeon shall fly,
 Who first shall be summoned away?
 My merciful God—Is it I!
- 4 O Jesus, if this be thy will,
 That suddenly I should depart,
 Thy counsel of mercy reveal,
 And whisper the call to my heart;
 O give me a signal to know
 If soon thou wouldst have me remove,
 And leave the dull body below,
 And fly to the regions of love.

H Y M N IV.

For one just departing.

1 **O** Sister in Jesus arise,
 And joyful his summons obey;
 He beckons thee up to the skies,
 In mercy he calls thee away:
 His pity hath signed thy release;
 Return to thy native abode,
 Make haste to the mansions of bliss,
 And fly to the bosom of God.

2 To waft from the valley of tears,
 To bear thee triumphantly home,
 The chariot of *Israel* appears,
 The convoy of angels is come!
 With envy we let thee depart,
 Thy happier spirit resign!
 The purchase of Jesus thou art,
 And God is eternally thine.

3 Go then to thy glorious estate,
 No longer our partner in woe,
 No longer oppress'd with our weight,
 To Jesus in paradise go:
 Redeem'd from a world of distress
 Thou hear'st the acceptable word,
 He bids thee depart in his peace,
 And die for the sight of thy Lord.

4 Escape to a country above,
 Where only enjoyment is found,
 And springs of extatical love,
 And rivers of pleasure abound:
 No dreadful alarms of war,
 No famine, or sorrows, or pains,
 No sound of the trumpet is there,
 But Jesus eternally reigns.

- 5 He reigns in the holiest place,
 He dwells in the midst of his own,
 And fully discovers his face,
 And fills them with raptures unknown;
 With bliss inexpressibly great
 Their glorified spirits o'erflow——
 Go, sister, and share their estate;
 To Jesus in paradise go.

O Saviour, her spirit receive,
 Which into thy hands we resign,
 And us from our sorrows retrieve,
 And us to our company join:
 Our number and glory compleat,
 With all that are landed before,
 With thee let us joyfully meet,
 To part and to suffer no more.

H Y M N V.

On the sight of a Corpse.

- 1 **A** H lovely appearance of death!
 No sight upon earth is so fair!
 Not all the gay pageants that breathe,
 Can with a dead body compare:
 With solemn delight I survey
 The corpse when the spirit is fled,
 In love with the beautiful clay,
 And longing to lie in its stead.

- 2 How blest is our brother, bereft
 Of all that could burthen his mind,
 How easy the soul that hath left
 This wearisome body behind!
 Of evil incapable thou,
 Whose relics with envy I see,
 No longer in misery now,
 No longer a sinner like me.

- 3 This earth is affected no more,
 With sickness, or shaken with pain,
 The war in the members is o'er,
 And never shall vex him again :
 No anger henceforward, or shame,
 Shall redden this innocent clay,
 Extinct is the animal flame,
 And passion is vanish'd away.
- 4 The languishing head is at rest,
 Its thinking and aching are o'er,
 The quiet, immoveable breast
 Is heav'd by affliction no more:
 The heart is no longer the seat
 Of trouble and torturing pain,
 It ceases to flutter and beat,
 It never shall flutter again.
- 5 The lids he so seldom could close,
 By sorrow forbidden to sleep,
 Seal'd up in eternal repose,
 Have strangely forgotten to weep :
 The fountains can yield no supplies,
 These hollows from water are free,
 The tears are all wip'd from these eyes,
 And evil they never shall see.
- 6 To mourn, and to suffer, is mine,
 While bound in a prison I breathe,
 And still for deliverance pine,
 And press to the issues of death :
 What now with my tears I bedew,
 O might I this moment become,
 My spirit created anew,
 My flesh be consign'd to the tomb.

H Y M N VI.

- 1 **'T**IS finish'd ! 'tis done !
 The spirit is fled,
 The prisoner is gone,
 The christian is dead !
 The christian is living
 In Jesus's love,
 And gladly receiving
 A kingdom above.
- 2 All honour and praise
 Are Jesus's due,
 Supported by grace,
 He fought his way through ;
 Triumphantlly glorious
 Through Jesus's zeal,
 And more than victorious
 O'er sin, death and hell.
- 3 Then let us record
 The conquering Name,
 Our Captain and Lord
 With shoutings proclaim :
 Who trust in his passion
 And follow our head,
 To certain salvation
 We all shall be led.
- 4 O Jesus, lead on
 Thy militant care,
 And give us the crown
 Of righteousness there ;
 Where dazzled with glory
 The Seraphim gaze,
 Or prostrate adore thee
 In silence of praise.

5 Come,

- 5 Come, Lord, and display
 Thy sign in the sky,
 And bear us away
 To mansions on high:
 The kingdom be given,
 The purchase divine,
 And crown us in heaven
 Eternally thine.

H Y M N VII.

- 1 **O** When shall we sweetly remove!
 O when shall we enter our rest;
 Return to the *Sion* above,
 The mother of spirits distressed!
 That city of God, the great king,
 Where sorrow and death are no more;
 But saints our Immanuel sing,
 And cherub and seraph adore.
- 2 Not all the archangels can tell,
 The joys of that holiest place,
 Where Jesus is pleased to reveal,
 The light of his heavenly face;
 Where caught in the rapturous flame
 The *fight beatific* they prove,
 And walk in the light of the Lamb,
 And bask in the beams of his love.
- 3 Who then upon earth can conceive,
 The bliss that in heaven they share;
 Who then the dark world would not leave,
 And cheerfully die to be there?
 O Saviour, regard our complaints,
 Arrayed in thy majesty come,
 Fulfil the desires of thy saints,
 And suddenly gather us home.

4 Thou knewest in the spirit of prayer,
 We groan thy appearing to see,
 Resigned to the burden we bear,
 But longing to triumph with thee
 'Tis good at thy word to be here,
 'Tis better in thee to be gone,
 And see thee in glory appear,
 And rise to a share in thy throne.

5 To mourn for thy coming is sweet:
 To weep at thy longer delay :
 But thou whom we hasten to meet,
 Shall chase all our sorrows away :
 The tears shall be wiped from our eyes,
 When thee we behold in the cloud,
 And echo the joys of the skie,
 And shout to the trumpet of God.

6 Come then to thy languishing bride,
 Who wentest to prepare us a place,
 Receive us with thee to abide,
 And rest in thy mercy's embrace.
 Our heaven of heavens be this
 Thy fulness of mercy to prove,
 Implunged in the glorious abyss,
 And lost in the ocean of love.

H Y M N VIII.

1 **A**WAY with our sorrow and fear !
 We soon shall recover our home ;
 The city of saints shall appear,
 The day of eternity come :
 From earth we shall quickly remove,
 And mount to our native abode,
 The house of our Father above,
 The palace of angels and God.

- 2 Our mourning is all at an end,
 When raised by the life-giving word,
 We see the new city descend,
 Adornéd as a bride for her lord :
 The city so holy and clean
 No sorrow can breathe in the air,
 No gloom of affliction or sin,
 No shadow of evil is there.
- 3 By faith we already behold
 That lovely *Jerusalem* here !
 Her walls are of jasper and gold,
 As crystal her buildings are clear :
 Immoveably founded in grace
 She stands, as she ever hath stood,
 And brightly her builder displays,
 And flames with the glory of God :
- 4 No need of the sun in that day
 Which never is followed by night,
 Where Jesus's beauties display
 A pure and a permanent light ;
 The Lamb is their light and their sun,
 And lo ! by reflection they shine,
 With Jesus ineffably one,
 And bright in effulgence divine.
- 5 The saints in his presence receive
 Their great and eternal reward,
 In Jesus, in heaven they live,
 They reign in the smile of their Lord :
 The flame of angelical love
 Is kindled at Jesus's face,
 And all their enjoyment above
 Consists in the rapturous gaze.

H Y M N IX.

- 1 **T**HANKS be to God, whose faithful love
Hath call'd another to his breast,
Translated him to joys above,
To mansions of eternal rest.
- 2 Ripe for the glorious harvest made,
He *first* was sav'd from inbred sin;
The angel *then* his charge obey'd,
And thrust the mortal sickle in.
- 3 He the good fight of faith hath won,
He heard with joy the welcome word;
"Hither come up (thy work is done)
And reign for ever with thy Lord."
- 4 By ministerial spirits convey'd,
Lodg'd in the garner of the sky,
He rests, in *Abraham's* bosom laid,
He lives with God no more to die.
- 5 Thanks be to God, through Christ alone,
Who gave our friend the victory,
O Master, say to me, Well done!
May I rejoice to die in thee.
- 6 Thus may we all thy warfare end,
In struggling to the upper skies;
Our last triumphant moments spend
And grasp in death the immortal prize.
- 7 O that we all may thus break through,
The crown with holy violence seize,
The starry crown to conquest due,
The crown of life and rightéousness.

- 8 Will not the righteous Judge bestow
The prize on all who seek him here,
And long, while sojourning below,
To see their much-lov'd Lord appear?
- 9 He will (our hearts cry out) he will,
These eager wishes more than meet,
These infinite desires fulfil,
And make our happiness compleat.
- 10 We all shall see our life appear,
(Our hidden life in Jesus found),
Our dust the archangel's voice shall hear,
And kindle at the trumpet's sound.
- 11 O what a soul o'er-powering thought,
'Tis extasy too great to bear!
We all at once shall be up-caught,
And meet our Jesus in the air.
- 12 Eternity stands forth in sight!
We plunge us in that boundless sea,
Expatiate in those plains of light,
The regions of eternity!
- 13 Even now we taste the heavenly powers,
The glorious joys of angels prove,
A whole eternity is ours,
A whole eternity of love!

H Y M N X.

On the Death of Mrs. A. C.

- 1 **A**ND is the struggle past?
And hath she groan'd her last?
Rise, my soul, and take thy flight,
Haste, the ascending triumph share,
Trace her to the plains of light,
Grasp her happy spirit there!

B

2 I know

2 I know her now possést
Of everlasting rest !
Now I find her lodgéd above,
Now her heavenly joy I feel,
Extasy of joy and love ;
Glorious and unspeakable !

3 I triumph in her blifs !
The proof, the token this !
This my dying friend's bequest,
This the answer of her prayér,
Speaks her enteréd into rest,
Tells me I shall meet her there.

4 Lord, I accept the sign,
And bless thy love divine :
Thou hast through the mortal vale
Led her to the realms above,
Caught her from the toils of hell,
Placéd her on a throne of love.

5 I, I shall conquer too,
Like her shall all break through !
To my heavenly friends conveyéd,
I shall share the marriage feast :
Pants my soul on earth delayéd,
Grasps for her eternal rest.

6 Come, O my Saviour, come
Receive thy servant home !
Now recal thy banishéd one,
Draw me from the tent of clay :
Hearést thou not thy spirit's groan ?
Come, my Saviour, come away !

7 O come, the Spirit cries,
O come, the Bride replies !
Thee I call with every breath ;
Let me die to see thy day,
Snatch me from this life of death :
Come, my Saviour, come away !

H Y M N XI.

On the Death of E. B. of Kingswood.

- 1 **R**EJOICE, ye sons of light,
Over a saint deceased!
The happy soul hath took its flight,
And enteréd into rest :

Toft to and fro no more
On life's tempestuous sea,
The happy soul hath reachéd the shore
Of calm eternity.

- 2 She at the welcome word
Is out of prison fled,
Releaséd from her oppressive load,
And free among the dead :

The bloody husband's power
Did with her breath expire,
And lo! she lives to die no more
Amidst yon angel quire.

- 3 The spirits of the just
Made perfect *here* in love,
With these, and all the heavenly host,
She finds her place above ;

One with the faints in light,
The witnesses of God,
She washéd her robes and made them white
In the Redeemer's blood.

- 4 Her soul was cleanséd below,
And savéd from sin's remains,
Whiter on earth than *Salmon's* snow,
She now with Jesus reigns ;

Long in the furnace triéd,
 Long in the vale distrest,
 The Lamb at last hath calléd his bride
 Up to the marriage-feast.

- 5 With stedfast faith and hope,
 Let us her steps pursue,
 Cheerful like her the cross take up,
 Like her the world break through;

Like her our faith approve,
 And patiently endure,
 And make, by all the works of love,
 Our heavenly calling sure.

H Y M N XII.

On the Death of Mrs. F. C.

- 1 **T**HANKS be to God alone,
 Through Jesus Christ his Son!
 He who hath for all obtained,
 Gives our friend a victory;
 Sister, thou the prize hast gained,
 Diéd for him who diéd for thee.

- 2 The mortal hour is past,
 Thou hast o'ercome at last,
 Freed from pain, for ever freed,
 Ended is thy glorious strife,
 Death, the latest foe, is dead,
 Death is swallowéd up of life.

- 3 The lamb-like innocence
 Is soon departed hence;
 From the world of sin and pain
 Thou art clean escapéd away,
 Savéd from sin's infectious stain,
 Taken from the evil day.

- 4 Stranger to guilty fears
Thou lived'st thy twenty years;
From the great transgression free;
Never did the poison spread,
Jesus, ere it rose from thee,
Jesus crushéd the serpent's head.
- 5 His spirit's gentlest art
Openéd thy simple heart;
The eternal gospel-word,
Lydia-like thou didst receive,
Fall before thy bleeding Lord,
Own him, and with ease believe.
- 6 Soon as thy heart did feel
The pardon-stamping seal,
Heard thy soul the warning cry,
" Here thou hast not long to stay,
Rise my love, make haste to die,
Rise my love, and come away !"
- 7 Thy cheerful soul obeyéd,
Through suffering perfect made,
Perfect made in a short space,
Thy resignéd and Christ-like soul,
Started forth and won the race,
Reached at once the glorious goal.
- 8 Aloft the spirit flies,
And gains her native skies;
Kindred souls salute her there,
Springing from the azure throne,
All in shouts their joy declare,
All their new-born sister own.
- 9 Thé angelic army sings,
And clap their golden wings !
Harping with their harps they praise,
Him, through whom she all o'ercame,
Sharer of his richest grace,
Closest follower of the Lamb.

- 10 From love's soft witchcraft free
Her spotless purity
Lived to only Christ below ;
Higher now she reigns above,
Mightier joys advanced to know,
Honoured with his choicest love,
- 11 Among the morning-stars
A brighter crown she wears,
With peculiar glories graced,
Seated on a loftier throne,
To superior raptures raised,
Nearest God's eternal Son.
- 12 Mixt with the virgin-train
She charms the ethereal plain,
With the Lamb for ever sound ;
Angels listen while she sings,
Catch the inimitable sound,
Music for the King of kings !
- 13 O happy, happy soul,
Thy heavenly joy is full !
Thee the Lamb had made his bride,
Called thee to his feast above,
Thee he now hath glorified,
Taught thee the new song of love.
- 14 O that at last even I,
Like thee might sweetly die ;
Die, and leave the world of woe,
Die out of the reach of sin,
Die the joys of heaven to know :
Open, Lord, and take me in !
- 15 Give me thy bliss to share,
The meanest spirit there,
Only let me see thy face,
See with thee my happier friend,
At an awful distance gaze,
Taste the joys that never end.

- 16 Thou wilt cut short my years,
 And wipe away my tears ;
 Lo ! I wait thy leisure still,
 Humbly at thy footstool lie,
 Calm to suffer all thy will,
 Glad in thee to live and die.

H Y M N XIII.

- 1 **W**E know, by faith we know,
 If this vile house of clay,
 This tabernacle sink below
 In ruinous decay :
 We have a house above
 Not made with mortal hands,
 And firm as our Redeemer's love
 That heavenly fabric stands.
- 2 It stands securely high,
 Indissolubly sure,
 Our glorious mansion in the sky
 Shall evermore endure.
 O were we enter'd there
 To perfect heaven restor'd,
 O were we all caught up to share
 The triumph of our Lord.
- 3 Beneath our earthly load
 We labour now and groan,
 And hasten tow'rd that house of God,
 And struggle to be gone :
 We would not, Lord, desire
 An end of misery,
 But Thee our earnest souls require,
 We long to die for Thee.
- 4 For this in faith we call,
 For this we weep and pray,
 O might the tabernacle fall,
 O might we 'scape away !

- Full of immortal hope,
 We urge the restless strife,
 And hasten to be swallow'd up
 Of everlasting life.
- 5 Absent alas! from God,
 We in the body mourn,
 And pine to quit this mean abode,
 And languish to return:
 Jesus, regard our vows,
 And change our faith to fight,
 And clothe us with our nobler house,
 Of empyrean light.
- 6 O let us put on Thee
 In perfect holiness,
 And rise prepar'd thy face to see,
 Thy bright unclouded face;
 Thy grace with glory crown
 Who hast the earnest given,
 And now triumphantly come down
 And take our souls to heaven.

H Y M N XIV.

- 1 JESUS, come! our utmost Jesus,
 Save us from the world beneath,
 From a life of pain release us,
 From a life of daily death;
 Listen to the ceaseless moaning
 Of thy plaintive turtle-dove:
 Answer, Lord, thy Spirit's groaning,
 Take us to our church above.
- 2 Many a soul is lodg'd before us,
 In the garner of the grave:
 Jesus, come! To life restore us,
 Us from all our troubles save.
 Us in infinite compassion
 To our happier friends unite,
 Raise us to our highest station,
 Rank us with thy saints in light.

- 3 Still we bear about thy dying
 In our feeble bodies here,
 Languishing for thee, and crying
 Light of life in us appear.
 Take us to thy kind embraces,
 To thy heavenly banquet lead;
 Wipe the sorrow from our faces,
 Set the crown upon our head.

H Y M N XV.

- 1 **H**OSANNAH to God
 In his highest abode;
 All heaven be joinéd,
 To extol the Redeemer and Friend of mankind!
 He claims all our praise,
 Who in infinite grace
 Again hath stooped down,
 And caught up a worm to inherit a crown.
- 2 Our partner below,
 Our brother in woe,
 From his sorrow and pain
 He hath calléd to the pleasures that always remain:
 He hath snatchéd him away
 From a cottage of clay
 To a kingdom above,
 A kingdom of glory, and gladness, and love.
- 3 Our friend is restoréd,
 To the joy of his Lord,
 With triumph departs,
 But speaks by his death to our echoing hearts:
Follow after, He cries,
 As he mounts to the skies,
 Follow after your friend,
 To the blisful enjoyments that never shall end.
- 4 And shall we not press
 To that harbour of peace,
 That heavenly shore,
 Where sorrow and parting, and death are no more:
 Our

Our brother pursue,
 And fight our way through
 In the strength of our Lord
 Follow on, till we seize the eternal reward ?

5 Through Jesus's name,
 Our comrade o'ercame,
 And Jesus is ours,
 And arms us with all his invincible powers :
 He looks from the skies,
 He shews us the prize,
 And gives us a sign
 That we shall o'ercome by the mercy divine:

6 The Saviour of all
 For us he shall call—
 Shall shortly appear ;
 Our day of eternal salvation is near.
 We too shall remove
 To our city above,
 On mortals look down,
 Triumphant afflors of Jesus's throne.

7 For us is preparéd,
 The angelical guard,
 The convoy attends,
 A minist'ring host of invisible friends :
 Ready wingéd for their flight
 To the regions of light
 The horses are come,
 The chariots of Israel to carry us home.

8 They soon shall convey,
 Our spirits away,
 Our spirits that groan
 And cry for redemption and long to be gone,
 By the cross we endure
 We shall make the crown sure,
 By a moment of pain,
 Shall a joyful eternity gain.

H Y M N XVI.

1 **H**APPY who in Jesus live,
But happier still are they,
Who to God their spirits give,
And 'scape from earth away :
Lord, thou readést the panting heart,
Lord, thou hearést the praying sigh,
O 'tis better to depart,
'Tis better far to die !

2 Yet if so thy will ordain,
For our companions good,
Let us in the flesh remain,
And meekly bear the load :
When we have our grief filléd up,
When we all our work have done,
Late partakers of our hope,
And sharers of thy throne.

3 To thy wife and gracious will
We quietly submit,
Waiting for redemption still,
But waiting at thy feet :
When thou wilt the blessing give,
Call us up thy face to see,
Only let thy servants live,
And let us die to Thee.

F I N I S.

